



CLIVE BARKER'S BOOK OF THE DAMNED II



A HELLRAISER® COMPANION

WILLIS FOSTER

Clive Barker
Creative Consultant

Malcolm Smith

Fred Viscare

Anna Miller

Larry Wachowski

D.G. Chidester

41

David Sharpe

Kenn Lopez

Ed Lazellari

Steve Dunne

2000

John R. Heasman

Case Description

Andrew Edwards

Mark Evans

Mark Pacella

Shawn Martinborough

Joe Barruso

Patricia Collins

Minsoo Kim

John Rheauome

Mark Chiarello

Eliot Browson

John Van Fleet

Scott Hampton

Paul Johnson

Ovi Hondru

Timothy Georgerakis

Executive Summary

LEAVE WATER WORKS OF THE
NATION WATER COMPANY

10

Figure 1

[illegible]

© 1999 Ciba-Geigy, Ltd. All rights reserved. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

100

12345678910111213141516171819202122232425262728293031323334353637383940414243444546474849505152535455565758596061626364656667686970717273747576777879808182838485868788899091929394959697989910010110210310410510610710810911011111211311411511611711811912012112212312412512612712812913013113213313413513613713813914014114214314414514614714814915015115215315415515615715815916016116216316416516616716816917017117217317417517617717817918018118218318418518618718818919019119219319419519619719819920020120220320420520620720820921021121221321421521621721821922022122222322422522622722822923023123223323423523623723823924024124224324424524624724824925025125225325425525625725825926026126226326426526626726826927027127227327427527627727827928028128228328428528628728828929029129229329429529629729829930030130230330430530630730830931031131231331431531631731831932032132232332432532632732832933033133233333433533633733833934034134234334434534634734834935035135235335435535635735835936036136236336436536636736836937037137237337437537637737837938038138238338438538638738838939039139239339439539639739839940040140240340440540640740840941041141241341441541641741841942042142242342442542642742842943043143243343443543643743843944044144244344444544644744844945045145245345445545645745845946046146246346446546646746846947047147247347447547647747847948048148248348448548648748848949049149249349449549649749849950050150250350450550650750850951051151251351451551651751851952052152252352452552652752852953053153253353453553653753853954054154254354454554654754854955055155255355455555655755855956056156256356456556656756856957057157257357457557657757857958058158258358458558658758858959059159259359459559659759859960060160260360460560660760860961061161261361461561661761861962062162262362462562662762862963063163263363463563663763863964064164264364464564664764864965065165265365465565665765865966066166266366466566666766866967067167267367467567667767867968068168268368468568668768868969069169269369469569669769869970070170270370470570670770870971071171271371471571671771871972072172272372472572672772872973073173273373473573673773873974074174274374474574674774874975075175275375475575675775875976076176276376476576676776876977077177277377477577677777877978078178278378478578678778878979079179279379479579679779879980080180280380480580680780880981081181281381481581681781881982082182282382482582682782882983083183283383483583683783883984084184284384484584684784884985085185285385485585685785885986086186286386486586686786886987087187287387487587687787887988088188288388488588688788888989089189289389489589689789889990090190290390490590690790890991091191291391491591691791891992092192292392492592692792892993093193293393493593693793893994094194294394494594694794894995095195295395495595695795895996096196296396496596696796896997097197297397497597697797897998098198298398498598698798898999099199299399499599699799899910001001100210031004100510061007100810091010101110121013101410151016101710181019102010211022102310241025102610271028102910301031103210331034103510361037103810391040104110421043104410451046104710481049105010511052105310541055105610571058105910601061106210631064106510661067106810691070107110721073107410751076107710781079108010811082108310841085108610871088108910901091109210931094109510961097109810991100110111021103110411051106110711081109111011111112111311141115111611171118111911201121112211231124112511261127112811291130113111321133113411351136113711381139114011411142114311441145114611471148114911501151115211531154115511561157115811591160116111621163116411651166116711681169117011711172117311741175117611771178117911801181118211831184118511861187118811891190119111921193119411951196119711981199120012011202120312041205120612071208120912101211121212131214121512161217121812191220122112221223122412251226122712281229123012311232123312341235123612371238123912401241124212431244124512461247124812491250125112521253125412551256125712581259126012611262126312641265126612671268126912701271127212731274127512761277127812791280128112821283128412851286128712881289129012911292129312941295129612971298129913001

10.11.1994

1000



FAMILY MEMORIES



September 27, 1965

To my favorite little soldiers, Ryan and Dublin:

Boy, do I miss you two! Sorry I had to leave so suddenly last week, but when duty calls, a Marine answers. Even one still in his pajamas!

It's hard on your mother when I go, so please give her two big hugs, and try to be brave, good boys for her. You're the men of the house now, and I expect you to follow the disciplines I set down as if I were still there. We'll share these letters when I get back. We'll have a lot of catching up to do.

Sorry I'm missing the scout camping trip again; maybe next year. Dublin, remember the extra pair of glasses this time. Ryan, go easy on the ghost stories, okay? Write and tell me about it when you get back and send me pictures. Remember, I get very lonely for all of you and your letters (and cookies) are what keep me going.

Since the last scrapbook got filled up with all the letters and junk from Korea, ask mom to start a new one for this tour. You can begin with this letter - and one of the pictures of us all together.

I haven't looked around Da Nang yet, but I have a feeling I'll find plenty of souvenirs you'll like and maybe even some books for our collection. You know me, always poking my nose into every doorway in my quest for those elusive exotic treasures that keep my family from abandoning me!

I can't wait to hear from you. Watch over each other and your mother. Study the maps I left you, so you'll know exactly where I am at all times. Then I won't feel so far away.

Love,

Dad



January 7, 1966

Dear Boys,

Wow! I just received your letters, drawings and the three huge boxes of cookies today! Please tell your boy scout troop that the goodies were delivered to my team and there's already been a noticeable boost in morale. Thank you!

Here are the pictures I promised you of some of the men in my division. Their names are on the backs of the pictures so you can tell who's who -- Carr, Harteshorn, Atkins, and the others.

Now, about the "trinkets" that I've sent along with this letter: some more Vietnamese coins; a half-melted grenade pin (Viet Cong); and best of all, inside the cardboard tube, a rolled piece of tattooed or branded animal hide. It's dried to almost parchment quality -- but its texture is definitely some kind of skin. I have no idea what it is, and I've never seen anything like it.

I bought it in a village just outside of Da Nang from an old, old woman who has a book shop there. It was tucked inside a corroded metal canister and almost fell apart in my hands when I pulled it out. Since it rains cats and dogs here I'm sending it to you for safe keeping. I wasn't able to communicate with the bookseller very well (got to brush up on my Vietnamese), but through some awkward sign language I found out that she didn't know where it came from. I find it fascinating -- it looks like a blueprint, don't you think?

I've sketched a copy of the pattern, in case I come across the structure it's from. Never know what you'll run into in this country. I'm hanging onto the canister for luck. It's engraved with the same intricate design and I can't take my eyes off of it. I've told the bookseller, Plei, that I'm interested in the unusual (try saying that with your hands!) and I'll be back to spend more money if she gets anything similar.

Men are tired, some have had a few bouts of dysentery, but spirits are up. Don't worry about me, I'll keep my head down! I love you. Send toothpaste!

Dad

WELCOME GUESTS

BY CAPTAIN BRANDON T. MORSE

I recently received a letter from the parents of one of my men. They were worried, as they had not heard from their son in weeks. "Is he all right?" they wanted to know. "Where is he now?" "What is he going through?" Their concern prompted me to write an open letter to all of you men here in Vietnam.

1 Symbol

harlem trees
state forms
and air

LOCAL HEROES

Three Ohio natives have been honored in Vietnam. Boardman resident and three-war veteran Captain Brandon T. Morse has today been awarded a Bronze Star for valor. Canfield's own Sergeant Roger Reed was the recipient of the Purple Heart, and Martin Matthews of Cuyahoga Falls was presented with the Meritorious Unit Commendation Ribbon.

Morse is not the first soldier in his family to be honored. He served under his father, General Jack B. Morse (MIA) in World War II, and can trace his family's military history as far back as the Revolutionary War. Captain Morse's twin sons, Dublin and Ryan (14), plan to enlist when they are of age, to carry on with the Morse family tradition.

Reed, who will be returning home to Canfield in three weeks, was wounded while serving as Combat Photographer for the 1st Air Cavalry. He has been in Vietnam for five months.

Matthews, of the Third Amphibian Tractor Battalion, received a scholarship to Kent State University and was to enroll in classes this fall. The enthusiastic eighteen-year-old enlisted in the Navy instead but intends to be a freshman year upon his return.

When my father was officially declared Missing-in-Action in World War II, he left me a very wealthy man. My riches are not measured in dollars, however, but in knowledge. Many of my ancestors served in the Armed Forces, and over the years, no matter where in the world they found themselves, they collected tokens, souvenirs, and memorabilia. This collection has been passed down through our family for generations and is now in the hands of my wife and children. I contribute to it by sending them mementos from Vietnam.

We are all familiar with the New-Rule Card and are all well aware that we are here to help and protect the Vietnamese. I have found that by getting acquainted with the customs, traditions, and people here, I have become a better representative of the United States and a better Marine. Sharing my discoveries with my family lessens their fears, gives me comfort, and creates a better understanding between two nations.

Vietnam is a beautiful, diverse, strange, interesting, and intriguing land. I encourage every man and woman here to share its mysteries and beauty with their loved ones back home. When you return, you will have a precious keepsake that can be enjoyed for many years to come.

MORSE HONORED

Marine Captain Brandon T. Morse of Boardman Township has again been honored for his services in Vietnam. His First Marine Division has been the recipient of the Presidential Unit Citation for Extraordinary Heroism for "exceptionally meritorious and heroic achievement." Last year, Captain Morse was awarded the Bronze Star for valor.

The forty-seven year old Morse, whose wife Maureen and twin sons

Deou

rest a
dark a
just be
of ele
sounds
than m
space
throbbe
recess
have a
songs
Notes
frans
by can
beat
groove
sing,
notes
from a
baptis
"God
clides
sharp,
Heidi

F

Gre
the
T
also
wor
Hre
and
as a
Arre
nomi
such

FOR
DAD



LOVE,
RYAN

June 15, 1966

Dublin and Ryan,

Not much time for anything but a quick "I Love You" and an inventory of this package.

The book's called **OF HELL** and even though Plei only had part of it, I was intrigued enough to buy it from her because the watermarks on the bottom of each page are in the same design style as the engravings on the canister! Plei swore it was a very rare text, in any language-- but that may just be her salesmanship.

I'm not surprised that the book's been torn in half-- so has this entire country. The civilians here are forced to leave their homes, many never return. I've been in abandoned huts where the pots of rice are still boiling.

I hope I'm not scaring you. I don't mean to. Just understand that this book may have once been someone's prized possession-- maybe a Vietnamese boy your age used it to learn English or something-- so take care of it.

I'd really like to find the rest of it; maybe one day I'll be able to return the entire book to its rightful owner. Our translator helped me write a letter to Plei, asking her to be on the lookout for the rest of the book, or another copy of it, or anything else like it. Maybe you could do the same? Check it out and let me know what you find.

Thought I'd get some R&R soon but for now there's no relief in sight. If you don't hear from me for a while, don't worry-- sometimes it's hard to get mail in and out of here.

Love

Dad

of Hell



ISADORE KLAUSKI

Chapter Six

Of Keys, Doors and Tolls

I have sought knowledge like other men pursue women, with an insatiable appetite, in search of a new mistress even as I withdrew from the mysteries of the last. The world seemed so vast, so full of wonders and secrets, that one culture, one science, one religion could hardly suffice; I wanted to sample all. There was however, one subject that I was always fascinated by and to which I most often returned: transmutation, which I still believe, is the very soul of knowledge.

It was alchemy, a science of transmutation that led me to Hungary. I had journeyed for months, digging through dozens of forgotten bookstores in search of a single, rumored text. I'd followed a trail of books, all of which



had alluded to this single, lost volume. **BLADES OF THE BOROS URATU, SECRET OF PAIN, DAMNATION'S LAST HOUR**; all had touched me upon reading them, and sent me further for this final foot noted history. **BLADES OF THE BOROS URATU**, published during the lifetime of Phillip LeMarchand, whose history I have outlined elsewhere in this book, had especially pointed footnotes to this last book in hell's library.

Finally, the trail ended at a crumbling apothecary. The owner, a crone, allowed me to ferret through the shelves and crates of books. I was sure I would find it, but as I spilled the last box onto the floor, I realized I was wrong; the search here had been in vain.

I was frustrated beyond my ability to control myself. I wanted to destroy, to vent my rage upon this helpless, old woman and her worthless, grimy store. And then, on a shelf that I had searched and searched again, I saw it; the very tome that I'd been crisscrossing the country for. It was as if my madness, my desire was so powerful it could no longer be contained within me and had created itself before my very eyes.

I seized the book and elation spread through my body in shivers. I recall feeling tears upon my cheek, but when the woman called to me, suddenly the thought that she would not sell the book, that I had revealed to her its secret worth, stabbed into my mind. Again a murderous instinct, like I'd never known, took hold and had she refused to sell it, I saw myself pounding the book against her head, watching her face become a spongy, red pulp.



I bought the book for a sum that had seemed too preposterous to believe; mere twenty-five cents had been the toll for my soul's passage to hell.

Through brief exchanges with others of hell, those still possessing their wits and the ability of speech, I have concluded that the keys to hell are so widely varied that they often, as in my case, take the appearance of a fantasy or fetish intended to lure a specific victim.

However, I have since come to know the most common key a box of a thousand names, such as the "Lament Configuration" or a "LeMarchand Box." The box is itself more than just a key to a doorway to hell; the box is a masterfully constructed puzzle box. It is the embodiment of forbidden knowledge; a secret that can only be solved through obsession. With its secrets solved and its pieces in final place, the puzzle reveals something that wasn't evident before—the reality of hell.

In research after my escape, I was able to discern that the puzzle itself is a bastardization of an original design by Phillip LeMarchand. Like other artists through time, LeMarchand had heard of a perfect material in which to work, a perfect medium in which to express his talents. And, like other damned artists,

LeMarchand never knew the full scope of his talents, or to what uses it would finally be put. His was only one of the puzzles. There are myriad more. Those which I was able to uncover, or suspect, I will outline in future chapters.

Yet even these traps seem purposefully laid for certain individuals. Indeed, hell works with strict adherence to a very particular design and in that light it would appear contradictory to assume that hell casts its lures randomly.



Chapter Eleven

Of The Labyrinth, Its Inhabitants and the God

At times of consciousness, I struggled with a shifting perception of the gray labyrinth that spread around me. A continuous and foreboding sense of déjà vu forced me to question what was real and what was imagination. The bowels of hell, twisting and curling, seemed like a shifting synthesis of stolen human memories; a classroom where I might have gone to school or a basement where I waited for my father to return with his belt. Hell's architecture often appeared to be built through the strip mining of the human mind.



As nightmarish as hell seemed, I must remind myself that it is real. It is a place, like any, of laws that bind its inhabitants to a bizarre order. Its denizens, the naturalized monstrosities which called themselves cenobites, though far above their humans victims in power, were prone to the same "human" weaknesses as a typical royal family. I was often privy to scenes of their squabbling, bickering and fighting amongst themselves, jealous and covetous, vying for position. They were unable to fully grasp the fullness of the god's context. It seemed that only one of their number fully could, and thereby secure a place closest to their god.

It was through this position, held by the one called the "favorite son" or "Vasa Iniquitatis" that the word and judgements of the god were delivered.

When I first laid eyes on Leviathan, it appeared rather innocuous; a simple and perfect geometric shape spinning at the center of its world, my world. Yet when its black light fell upon me, I felt its presence slip inside, a liquid shadow seeping through my every pore, penetrating every orifice. When it had passed, I believed that it knew more about me than I knew myself.

Near the time of my escape, I met a man named Bob who had only just arrived in hell. My torturer was away and so I was able to approach him. My body was still somewhat in disarray and Bob was terrified. He began to cry, repeating the same question, "Who do you work for? Who do you work for?"

It is a question I continue to fear.



Chapter Fifteen

Of Pain, Transcendence and the Dark Design

It has been 120 days since my escape. Every moment I am reminded of this world in ways that cloud the terrible memories of that shadow world. I again can "feel" that which does not exist in hell: an empty stomach, a full bladder, the warmth of fire, the taste of tobacco; things that I have always known, things that create my reality. I feel my mind trying to suppress the images of hell, grappling for old patterns to force the black truth under, suffocating the screams with shovelful after shovelful of the mundane. But I know that this can never happen. I am drawn again to the fire that burned me; the desire for knowledge. Searching the fading landscape of my memory, I look for the answer to the final puzzle: why?



I remember little of that first moment when hell welcomed me. I saw them, the Cenobites, the pale blue of their flesh. I heard the chains. Then there was nothing. Your mind can see your hand on a hot stove and jerk the hand back before any sensation of pain. The destruction of my body was complete before I was able to comprehend what had happened.

When I woke I had the strange feeling of tranquil exhaustion as though my entire body had been sated. It did not last. This time I felt the one hundred hooks pierce all parts of my flesh. I was held immobile by agony, unable to scream through the tangle the hooks had made of my throat. My tormentor introduced herself as "Abigor", and told me how she delighted in new flesh.

There is no time in hell, only a vague awareness marked by a change of consciousness. I cannot begin to understand exactly what happened to me, I can only relate it as honestly as I am able.

Gradually the blinding, white-hot pain began to fade. Make no mistake, the torture continued unabated, but there was a change in how I perceived it. My body seemed to grow numb, and I believed it was incapable of feeling anything again. Abigor smiled her demon's smile as if she knew everything I was thinking and feeling. I remember the next moment with crystal clarity. I remember the tiny "pish" her boots made walking across the floor, puddled with my blood. I remember the cold touch of her long, black fingers as they razored open my flesh and then threw open my chest, like a woman might throw back a curtain. She reached through my ribs and took hold of my heart and Lord help me, it was in that moment, as I blacked out, that I felt something new wash through my body: pleasure.

I have read endless volumes on the transcendental state achieved by mystics and shamen where a level of consciousness is reached that is beyond the realm of pain. It is called Nirvana. It is an ecstasy beyond our conception of pleasure. I cannot hope to describe how I crawled and savored every hook, every razor, every rod that had pushed through my flesh. My tormentor had become my creator; a Goddess that I worshiped and gave myself to wholly and utterly.



CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE OF HELL'S LIBRARY

During the damnable length of my tenure in the pit, I came to know several cenobites by sight, beyond the "Vasa Iniquitatis" and the demoness "Abigor." There were certain cenobites whose horrific presence was a presage for fearful honor. They appeared only to select one of our unlucky number for one of Hell's greater honors, which no soul in the ranks of the damned was anxious to receive.

The leader of these fearful selectors was a cronely sow with a sour face, known in hell's halls as the Ars Longis, the Librarian, and Balberith of the ancient tomes. She was the keeper of the archives of hell, a shrewish needle of a woman

who seldom ventured far in hell's labyrinth from her precious library, and is never without her precious book of secrets. Her bloody eyes were magnified by thick bands of glass, edges intricately carved with evil patterns with razor sharp keen, which were stitched directly into her skull.

Hers was not the lot of the menial experimenter cum artist in hell. She seldom sullied her hands directly on the malleable flesh of those trapped there. She was an intellectual among artisans, a scholarly book-keeper whose meticulous recordings were themselves a microcosm of Leviathan's ultimate plan. If any of hell's denizens knew the complexity of the god's scheme, it was Balberith, the tight lipped keeper of the records of hell.





My dealings with her were mercifully few. My head was passed over, breathlessly, in favor of one slightly more literate, slightly less verbose, more long lived or with better memories than I. These individuals were selected, I had heard, to serve as living pages in a library of souls. Their souls were stripped, their bones liquified, their very mass condensed to a fraction of its original. As the Jivaro Indians of Equador practiced the art of shrinking heads, a ritual handed down through generations, so did the mistress of hell's library peel away the extraneous layers of flesh and sine, shrinking entire bodies down to a particular size, and exactly the shape of a page in one of her books.

This process, I inferred, was an arduous one, often taking years to shrink a mind, a soul, and a set of memories to a compact size for easy reference. This process was accompanied by ceremonial dances, and a complete and utter silence during its final hours, as a soul surrendered its hold on its past form, accepting its new embodiment as a record of things past. These victims would never again hold hope for the future, a rare commodity anywhere in hell, for they had become vessels of history; Leviathan's history.



November 10, 1967

Boys,

50 days without rest. Been carrying this book for weeks, or is it months? Plei got it for me, I can't carry it anymore -- with the canister my pack's too heavy. Keep it for me, in the scrapbook. Keep your friends' hands off it.

It is getting harder to find the enemy. Who are they? What do they look like? Someone looks at a map and tells me the good guys are here and the bad guys are here and I look and look, but all I see are women and children, the same wherever they are on the map. I'm blotting out what I can, which is almost everything. I find solace in my continued search for more clues to my own little mystery, and this book, *BLADES OF THE BOROS URATU* has the same markings as the canister. This is beyond coincidence, like these clues are finding me. I see the patterns everywhere. No matter where I look, in the trails of smoke from the mortar rounds, in the way the jungle canopy blows in the wind, in the puddles of water, in footprints.

If anything happens ~~there's a chance~~
~~it'll be all right~~

I'm looking for something, someone is trying to tell me something, give me an answer I want the answer to be found. I know I will find it. You have what I have, just in case. No one else does ~~there's a chance~~

I am driven and unafraid and strong. Have not had letters from you. I need them.

Dad

P.S. Today the Marine Corps is 192 years old. Yippee.

THE MOST COMPLETE RESEARCH MANUAL OF ITS KIND

BLADES of the

BOROS URATU

FOREWORD

In the spring of 1881, Professor Richard Dodds sponsored a series of lectures at the County University at Amherst, Massachusetts. Entitled "The Lack of Pure Philosophy in Contemporary Thought," this series focused quite heavily on the works of Phillip LeMarchand and his contemporaries. One of the most significant works of research discussed at this series was published by Dodds himself. The text was a history of a specific, mythical group of weapons dating from the 48th century B.C. and was known as THE BLADES OF BOROS URATU.

The work itself was quietly heralded as the most scholarly and precise research of its kind, and was published despite its controversial subject: the creation of a deadly group of weapons, the history of which could be interpreted as a road map through Hell itself. Unfortunately for Dodds, the Industrial Revolution brought with it an unforeseen emergence of reason, and by the late 1900's, the Professor's research fell beneath critical scorn.

After this apparent fall from scholarly grace, Professor Dodds disappeared mysteriously in 1910. The treatise was lost amid the cobwebs of forgotten research. Until now. We at Pyramid publications are pleased to bring this "lost classic" once more into print, in this limited run. It is our hope that a new generation of scholarly minds can find enlightenment and challenge in Dodds' experience, and thus be sparked to new quests of their own.

Danien P. Dodgett
Publisher, Pyramid Books.



The classical representation of the six weapons

CHAPTER ONE: A CHRONOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE

Our history begins in 4890 B.C. (est), when worshippers of *Kales Anyia*¹, goddess of regeneration, unearthed a small quantity of "golden ore" in the Dominion of Urogod Neato, in the outer regions of Mesopotamia. This ore, most likely Iron Pyrite or "fool's gold"², was set aside for use in religious ceremonies, and the creation of totems.

In 4690 B.C. (est), this "golden ore" was forged at Plains Neato into six talismans, one for each of the six tribes of the Urogod Dominion. The talismans were all variations on the likeness of *Kales Anyia*³. The talismans were routinely exchanged, passing between tribes at harvest, completing a cycle each 36 years.

The number six was pivotal to this society. Each of the six tribes was governed by a tribunal consisting of six members. And, while the ruling king was determined by lineage, a new queen (of prime child bearing age) was chosen every six years and was required to bear six children within her reign. To complete our understanding of the "life cycle" we should note that the average life span of the period was 36 years, or six, squared.

This idyllic existence came to an abrupt halt when, in 2502 B.C. (est), *Mis-Anni-Pedda*⁴, the King of Ur, rose to power, ending nearly two thousand years of peace in the dominion. The worshippers of *Kales Anyia* (now called *Kala Ani*⁵) were a non-aggressive sect, no match for the legions of Ur. The six tribes were dissolved under his iron rule and holy quest to bring order to the chaos he felt their religion represented.

The "Butcher of Ur" then instituted a new system of worship, whose specifications remain shrouded in mystery, apparently based on a primitive form of Euclideanesque Geometry⁶. *Mis-Anni-Pedda* sent his troops throughout the dominion to seize all religious artifacts, including the talismans.



Ancient mining operations in the Dominion of Urogod Neato



King Mis-Anni-Padda



The sword of Boros Uratu



The Messenian Machete

By 2430, Pad-Anji-Padda, grandson of Mis-Anni-Padda, had succeeded in locating only one of the talismans, which he had melted and re-forged into a battle sword. The other five idols were apparently smuggled out of the dominion. This sword was later lost in battle after an Urian traitor used it to assassinate Pad-Anji-Padda, "opening his heart" in the name of *Kala Anu*.⁷

The remaining five talismans disappeared from the annals of history for nearly two centuries, before, at last, three resurfaced at the Il Corad⁸ in Messenia in 1422 B.C.

Here a new, more violent sect of Kalani worshippers melted the talismans and re-forged them into three weapons: a battle axe, a machete, and a dagger. These three weapons were awarded to the three bravest warriors in the Messenian army in preparation for the war against the "Dark Ministry."⁹

The final two talismans remained lost for the next five generations. The only record of them during this period is the listing of three "aces of the diamond god" among the inventory of the treasure museum of King Alaric (pre-visigoth) in 1223 B.C. Records indicate these final two talismans came to Alaric's court as part of a gift dowry for the wedding of Princess Gesserie of Outer Almia to Alaric's son Theodric. *vic.*



The Axe of Legend

CHAPTER FOUR: THE FINAL FORGINGS

Almian King Teodoric III (ancestor of Theoric) opened the throne room to his grandchildren, Teodoric, Letticia and Celina, and reformed the two talismans to fulfill the requests of the children. A golden boomerang (like Gropa's in *THE BOOK OF ROAD*¹) was presented to Teodoric, and a length of rope woven of golden filament to his twin sisters.

While these two talismans were reformed into the play things of children, their counterparts split blood during the conquest of Babylon in the second Messenian War (650 B.C. est.²). Although the Messenian armies had now been absorbed into the Assyrian Empire, Messenian worship of Kalani continued. The golden weapons were wielded by the bravest Messenian warriors.

As the city of Babylon was taken and destroyed by the Assyrians, the three warrior-chiefs shared a common dream which told them to take their weapons to the mountains of Boros Uratu for a greater battle. A detour by the warrior kings on the route to Boros Uratu brought them through Almia, to avoid storms along the mountains. Apparently unbeknownst to the



The Teodoran Golden Rope

warriors, the Golden Rope and Boomerang were secreted into their packs by Ovis, the jester of Teodoric's court. The scheme was discovered by Teodoric, and Ovis condemned for theft. Messenian myth alleges the twins, Letticia and Celma, shared a dream in which a golden woman com-manded them to spare the fool. The dream interwove tales of an evil god and his fantastic world, and an un-ending battle against him, in which Ovis had aided. Inspired, the twins aided in Ovis' escape. Factual records indicate that the twins were subsequently banished by their brother to an outlying region, with only one another for companionship. Legend contends Ovis visited often.



The Teodoran Boomerang

The six original talismans of Kalea-Aryla were reunited in their new forms as weapons at Boros Uratu in 616. At this point, according to legend, Kalani herself appeared in the skies at Boros Uratu in the guise of *Morte Mamma*³, mother of death and rebirth beyond. She told of a world where the blades are needed in the battles about to rage at the doorway to darkness. Thus, all knowledge and record of the weapons passed out of human

November 21, 1968

Cleaned out a village yesterday. Searching a hut I found these pages from OF HELL. How can this be? Why are these things put in my path? The watermarks, the engravings, the diagrams, they form a message. I need one more piece and I'll know. They're yours now but they're copied in my mind -- engraved there. ~~They're yours now but they're copied in my mind -- engraved there.~~ Keep them safe.

Now down to five men, following me in spite of everything. Have we walked across the world? I'm sending back everything, your letters, drawings. Save them.

The pictures are all I see. I'll send for you when it's done. I want you to have everything, but I'll want it back. Make certain you do not fail me.







Flagellum was not a virgin by choice.

She'd meant to be, of course, convincing herself of the right and proper need of saving herself for marriage; of preserving her womanly gifts; of waiting for the right man. An honest lust for life and loins took care of that commitment quickly enough, however, the considerable flesh was weak where what there was of her mind had stood strong.

That gray matter surrendered when it became clear the right men were taking no interest in the gifts she'd saved. Rejection led to a growing appreciation of the art of onanism, increasingly desperate masturbatory fantasies that began to demand more than quick fingers and battery operated devices. The Tantric Belt Of Malthuna brought her breath on fast and ragged...the Yoni Clamp provided waves of pleasure for almost an entire hour...but it fell to the Obsidian Rhombus Phallus to bring Flagellum to her first and last orgasm.

It lived on rats and sewage, and it killed her dog in a self-gratifying act of perversion. Flagellum's turn came next, and it required a full week to twist her body into the position the phallus required of her for entry. Seduced and sated, she had nothing left to live for...after-life was another matter.

Now she stands guard at the gates of Hell, a Watcher Of Order, dreaming the structured patterns of her black diamond master, inner eye watching for the first chaotic signs warning of the dread Time Of Configuration. Then it is her duty to act as bugler, calling to arms a Devil's Brigade to champion Leviathan's cause...and, in victory, once more spare Flagellum, the lonely, forever.



Her leathery hands know the page you seek in the Book of Agony.

From behind the thick circles of glass stitched eternally into her skull, bloodshot eyes have read the letters of Pazuzu to the Sodomites ten times ten thousand times, cracked lips moving to each foul word.

And clenched possessively to a shriveled and maggoty bosom, her personal tome hisses with secrets so obscene they would drive even a Cenobite mad.

Balberith moves silently through the stacks of the abyss' libraries, content to let the printed, scrawled and tattooed pages speak for her instead. Or scream.

Every volume on every creaking shelf of gleaming bone and glistening muscle is known to her, knowledge the weapon this librarian brings to her crystalline god's war on the flesh. Check out any edition that might tempt you in your own quest for the infernal mysteries...but God help the borrower that keeps one of Balberith's books out overdue.

Leviathan sure as Hell won't.

There is a grace among the slaughterhouse of down below, and
it answers to the names of
Chidna and Basilisk.

Which is which is only for them to say...not that the
serpentine duo have time for even such a brief exchange.
Theirs is an endless existence fully dominated by the ritual
dance that both mirrors and defines the essence of Hell itself.

Sinful symmetry. Blasphemous balance.

An ice cold infinity of most damned order.

A microcosm of Leviathan's structured discipline,
Chidna and Basilisk have still, on occasion, faltered in their
one true dark faith, vulnerable to the pull of chaos. Falling
prey to the Time Of Configuration.

An infernal equinox of supreme malevolence, a test of
the purity of form sending the intertwined couple to tearing
where they once only touched. Shameful anarchy in the time of
damnation's greatest need, spreading Pandemonium when the
need cried out for precision. The crossroads passed, the
serpents were once more able to return to their ancient and
orderly ways, but not without a new and dire knowledge in
what passed for their hearts.

Yes, there is grace among the slaughterhouse of down
below...but no forgiveness.

And every hour of the blackest night, Chidna and
Basilisk wonder and worry when their god
will take his revenge for their transgressions.



In ancient Greece, rape and sodomy at the hands of one's own father was no more a spectator sport than it is today – still, that did little to prevent Chalkis' brutish brother from leering over the foul proceedings, one grimy paw possessing the social graces to wipe the drool from his lips as the man of the house bump-and-grinded away his daughter's youthful joy and womanly dignity. On such occasions, Chalkis' brother's lust blinded him to the pain of the ostentatious stone ring he wore (won, he claimed, in battle with a Roman Centurion; accepted in truth, as payment for an act of bestiality performed for the amusement of a prominent Senator) as he rubbed the jewelry across the spit running out from his mouth, his rotted gums leaking cheap blood which dropped to mingle with his sister's more precious red.

Needless to say, Chalkis' foul mistreatment did not sit well with her fiancé, Alastor – nor did her breaking off of their impending nuptials, her pride too great to allow what she wrongly perceived as her shame to taint her beloved. The recipe for bringing them back together came in the form of a dung covered scroll made from the stomach of "an eyeless man who could still see," the sheet outlining a unique blend of arcane spices to be used to flavor Chalkis' father's favorite stew. The lovers felt no regrets when the rapist suddenly went very pale at the unexpected sight of his son's ring (not to mention ring finger) in the half-emptied dinner dish – and at least one of the happy couple would claim a spontaneous orgasm when daddy dearest then proceeded to choke to death on his male offspring's middle knuckle.

Alastor and Chalkis never did tie the knot in Greece's green pastures, but a more everlasting togetherness was their reward in Hell. It's whispered in the higher pits that they've grown dissatisfied with their marriage in the facets of Leviathan, and are actively seeking another god to bless their union.



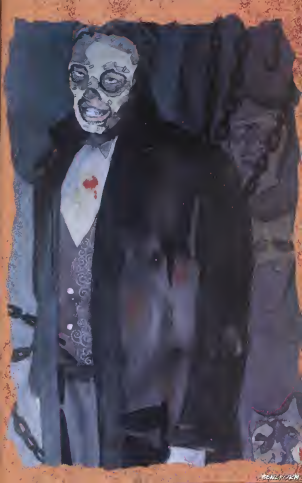
Doomed to never know the immortality
of his precious silver screen, this diabolic
Actor-with-a-capital-A

instead found a small degree of fame in the role of a
serial killer before accepting the position
of resident thespian in the ranks of the Cenobites.
Now his deathlessness is insured, although
the only thing "silver" about it is the gleam of the
instruments with which he peels back the flesh
from around his victims' skulls.

Masks of comedy and tragedy for every part to
be played-the emphasis, understandably,
on the tragedy.

No method acting here; unless you count driving
the inch-long staples in just so to hold the skin of the
faces in place. Getting into character isn't so much
emoting as it is conforming his own countenance to
the flaking constraints of stretched-to-fit dermis and
epidermis.

While Face's wicked performances have
continued to inspire Leviathan's legions to new depths
-the fiend favorite Stomp On My Face, I Like The Pain
threatens to run well into eternity-he refuses to rest
on his laurels. With an artistic vision that knows no
bounds (with the possible exception of the occasional
sagging flesh blocking the eye socket of one of his
many disguises) he's recently announced a pact with
certain inhumane elements of humanity that promises
to bring Face's road show to a popular topside
amusement park overrun with Bosch-ian intemperate
fowl and rodents of unusual size.



WCS. BRADON T. MORSE
1454 CRAIGIE ROAD., BOARDMAN, OREG

I DEEPLY REGRET TO CONFIRM THAT YOUR HUSBAND CAPTAIN BRADON T. MORSE WAS
KIA 30 MARCH 1948 BECAUSE MISSING WHILE ON A SPECIAL OPERATIONS MISSION IN
THE REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM. EXTENSIVE SEARCHES ARE IN PROGRESS AND EVERY EFFORT
IS BEING MADE TO LOCATE HIM. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM
FURNISHING ANY PERSONS OUTSIDE OF YOUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY WITH ANY BACKGROUND
DATA REGARDING YOUR HUSBAND'S PERSONAL HISTORY AND MILITARY SERVICE. RELEASE
COULD ADVERSELY AFFECT HIS WELFARE SINCE IT MAY BE USED BY
YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE SE

Dear Ryan and Dublin,

Your dad made me promise to write you. The military's got him listed as MIA, but nobody's talking about the weird shit way he disappeared.

I served under your dad eighteen months. I seen him change. He got this driven look, you know, in his eyes. He didn't go trooper happy the way the war made a lot of guys go, just the opposite. He got more inward, kinda obsessed about keeping things organized and under control.

Our division got pretty ~~hurt~~ hurt in an ambush and was down to just five of us. But we were tough ~~fighters~~ fighters and every one of us would've been clipped if not for your old man. So when he told us he needed us for a Spec Op that wasn't a military run, but for him personal, none of us thought twice about going.

We headed due north into the foothills of Laos. The captain led us through one small village after another, each time askin' for the oldest person in the town. He'd show 'em this metal jar thing he carried around with him. Nobody seemed to know what he was talking about, till we came to a village where the ~~Vietnamese~~ Vietnamese was actually living in little hollowed caves in the side of the mountain. This one-armed guy leads us to an old Vietnamese woman, looked like she was a hundred. When he showed her the jar, her eyes got real wide and she said somethin' in this low throaty voice that didn't fit her shriveled-up body at all. Whatever she said got him real excited and he told us to wait outside. When he came out he told us that we'd be heading back to base now, and that he owed us one. I guess our he'd found what he'd been lookin' for.

We secured a perimeter and made camp. Captain ~~Morse~~ Morse got intense on this special new tent arrangement he wanted, our four in a diamond shape outside his tent in the middle. We was turning in when your dad pulled me aside and gave me your address and made me promise to write you if anything happened to him. It struck me as kinda strange cos we'd been in a hot place heat than this. I didn't get why he was asking me. I watched him climb into his tent.

I shared watch that night with a guy we called Beagle who don't miss nothin'. Nothing moved that night. But in the morning, all that was left where your father's tent was, was his uniform, neatly folded in a pile. He couldn't be gone. But he was.

Weirdest thing is that your dad knew that something was going down that night. But I don't think he knew what. I sure hope he wasn't disappointed. As you boys probably know, he was a hard man to please.

Sorry I can't sign my name. Hang in there

P.S. I left your dad's metal thing with the old lady in the cave. It was too weird to bring back as one of his belongings, the stripes asked too many questions as it was.



GO TO HELL

THE KEYS TO
TEMARICHAND'S
LAMENT

BLACK
DIAMOND
SOFTWARE
WWW.BDSOFT.COM

WE HAVE SUCH SIGHTS TO SHOW YOU

Nothing personal. But what other choice do you have out there in the gaming market? Keep playing mindless shoot'em-ups and scrolling left to right through look-alike levels that lead to endless fights with repetitive stage bosses? Go ahead - live down to every couch potato cliché, developing carpal tunnel syndrome on your way to spending forever as a video game stereotype. But when you're ready for something more, plug our cartridge into your game console. We've got a challenge straight up from down below, a chance to match wits with the purest evil there is in 16-bit graphics and sound. Chaos is everywhere, and only you can win the day - not to mention the night - for the forces of order. So lock onto the joystick, and say your prayers.

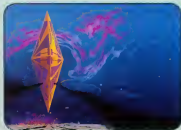
THE KEYS TO LEMARCHAND'S LAMENT



You're going to have to drive yourself to find the keys that will solve the mystery of LeMarchand's Lament, and to uncover the lost weapons of the abyss, but what the heck - a little obsession never killed anyone!



Find your enemies, and learn mastery of their internal weaponry—tools as dear as the soul of your forefathers and more ancient. Know your enemies—for they may be closer than you think!



Face off against internal powers, and torment them with the simple pleasures of sweet suffering! See if there's anything at all familiar in the reflections staring back at you! Oh brother!



ATTENTION MACINTOSH AND APPLE II/SE COMPUTER OWNERS!

Get a demo version of *The Keys to LeMarchand's Lament* in Hypercard or the Mac, or Hyperstudio for the II/SE! Just send this original coupon and a 3.5 inch disk (preformatted for your computer system) and a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

The LeMarchand's Lament Demo
387 Park Ave South, 10th Floor
NY, NY 10018

Sign me up for a taste of perdition's flames! Please send a demo of *LeMarchand's Lament* to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

COMPUTER (check model) ☐ Macintosh* ☐ Apple II/SE

*Macintosh version requires Hypercard version 2.0

All brand or product names mentioned are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective holders.



**BLACK
DIAMOND
SOFTWARE**

Entertainment That Lasts
An Eternity

February 13, 1972

Dad,

It's been a while. The weather here might wasn't the best way to do it, but it was the only way for me. Please don't be mad at me, Dub. Night after night I kept dreaming about looking for dad, and I got tired of waking up in cold sweats. I know you'd never go with me, and I couldn't let you talk me out of it.

I'll bet you thought your letters from Nam days were over. It's a while different trying being here as a civilian. The Vietnamese are much nicer to me now that I'm out of farquies. Kinda miss the war though, I think maybe I got both our doses of family fighting blood. Mom was saying I was getting more like Dad. You think that's why I'm so obsessed with finding out what happened to him?

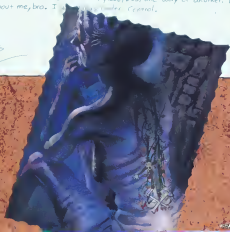
Life's a bitch, huh? You work your whole life toward something, then when you get there you're not sure if it's really where you want to be at all. I feel like I'm teetering on the edge of oblivion, but I've worked so hard to get here, I'll be damned if I don't take that final step.

I found the old lady, and if she was a hundred before she's a hundred and twenty now, and going strong. Dub, it wasn't what she told dad, it's what she showed him! Check out the enclosed picture. She also had let me see dad's metal canister, but wouldn't let me have it back. Lots of answers here, but still no clue as to where they lead.

Don't bother writing cause by the time you get this I'll be on my way back. And I'll have that final piece, Dub, one way or another. Don't worry about me, bro. I'm under control.

Love

Ryan



Dear Dublin:

You're floundering, my son.

What's happened to all the control and discipline drilled into you and your brother as children? Why weren't you fighting at Ryan's side, enduring the hardships necessary to reach your rightful place alongside your proud forefathers? Did you really think I was dead? You disappoint me. I'm alive, more than I've ever been.

Look at the emptiness inside yourself, the hollowness where you do not feel or care about anything. Come to me and let it be filled. I can give your life purpose, and share with you the joys of a wide world, made new.

The way is not difficult to find for a Morse. Study the scrapbook, examine its clues. Open yourself to it, and the pieces will fall into place. Come on boy, pick yourself up by your bootstraps, and follow your father.

It's not too late to embrace our family destiny as your brother, myself, my father and my father's father all have before you.

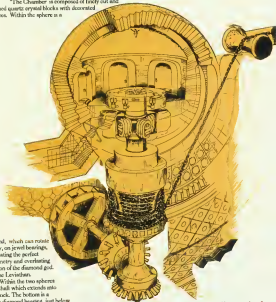
Always your father,
Brandon

Chapter Sixty Six

The Puzzle Chamber

One of the more bizarre objects I've come across since my flight from hell, has been a scroll of unknowable age, which I know to be of Canabale origin, featuring the rough blueprints for what is, I believe, a puzzle chamber. After months spent in translation of its language, a hybrid of Ancient Latin written in a type of Sanskrit, I present it here as a warning to any unlucky enough to stumble upon such a structure:

"The Chamber is composed of finely cut and matched quartz crystal blocks with decorated surfaces. Within the sphere is a



second, which can rotate freely, on jewel bearings, creating the perfect symmetry and overloading motion of the diamond god. Franz Leviathan.

"Within the two spheres is a shaft which extends into the rock. The bottom is a large diamond bearing, just below a bevel gear which receives another bevel gear connected to a water wheel. The wheel is powered by a complex of underwater rivers that have flowed steadily for millennia.

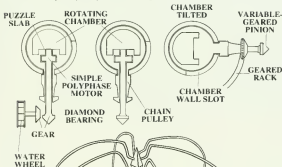
"The shaft is the armature of an electric motor composed of huge copper coils that rotate within a lodestone receptacle. The power generated by this constantly rotating dynamo is normally unharmed because the circuit is designed to be completed by a combination of puzzle-solving and the intercession of human flesh within the chamber, in inlaid hand and footprints of gold.

"The central puzzle slab is made of the central, constantly rotating shaft, which is surrounded by a stone ring which can also rotate freely. Carved into the surface of the puzzle slab are words, in a perpetual state of re-ordering. Beneath the slab are deep receptacles filled with mercury in which float copper rods. The mercury pools are connected to the electric dynamo, by Leviathan's will.

"The rods touch the underside of the outer ring of the puzzle slab which has an intricate pattern of heavy copper plate on the underside. The electrically conducting pattern makes and breaks contact with the copper rods as the

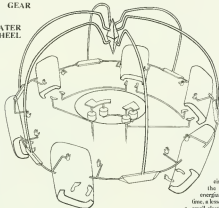
slab is rotated. When the proper sequence is constructed that circuit is closed, beginning the Supplication Sequence. Hall Leviathan.

Half of the six pair of footprints are connected together with their final connection being through the circuitry of the puzzle slab. When the arches are occupied, that circuit is closed. The hand prints are connected to the archway, which is connected by gold to the six silicon crystals. Each of the six crystals is connected by gold to one of the six faces of a quartz crystal suspended from the ceiling, in Leviathan's form.



GEAR

WATER WHEEL



"When the arches are occupied, the circuit is closed and the occupants are energized. At the same time, a lesser circuit activates a small electro magnet which triggers a weight operated sequence, by Leviathan's will. As a deadweight falls, it causes the interior

sphere to rotate, pushing gear teeth from the wheel, which engage an opposing gear. As the pinion and rack gears cause the shaft to ascend, the chain slips off of the shaft and falls down its own receptacle.

"The final phase of the Supplication Sequence has the chamber support shafts mounting the interior of its receptacle, running out of teeth. For an instant, it is pressed against the roof of its receptacle, still spinning slowly. At this point, the gear teeth retract, the shaft falls and the chamber rights itself. Within the circuitry, the Leviathan crystal receives its final wall of energy which is hoisted downward, in homage to hell. The energy field collapses, the chamber's function served."

AFTERWARD

By Isadore Klauski

I write this now with complete horror as I see my fate. It was, I believe, the very essence of Leviathan's dark design. It was what I had always desired; transmutation.

There is a relentless monotony to hell that reminds me of a French author who shocked his audiences with his works of unmitigated brutality; the Marquis DeSade. His fiction begins at once with such vicious savagery that the reader is instantly knocked senseless. As the assault continues, the reader is unable to respond on any level to the endless bloody font of men, women, and children being raped, sodomized, and murdered. DeSade believes that only when the senses have been numbed, overwhelmed by violence so that the conscience can no longer object, can the soul be set free towards a spiritual transcendence. All connections and contracts with the world and those around us must be dissolved and revoked. It is ultimately a philosophy of destruction.

Leviathan's perfect world is a world without flesh, without chaos. Yet it is obviously unable to achieve this by itself or surely it would have. I understand its plan as I understand to a degree what happened to me; through unrelenting violence I was transformed. I have been remade. I am now my own puzzle box that every night I must resist the terrible temptation to open with the straight razor held in my own trembling hands. I do not know how much longer I can endure.

This then is the design of hell; it is not Leviathan that shall destroy us, it is we who shall so willingly destroy ourselves.



Dublin;

I'm writing to you as someone
who knows all about your ardent
pursuit of great literature.

In that, we have something in
common.

Vita Brevis, Ars Longa.

Calverish

Imagine having access to a library the size of
a city, with famous authors on call to discuss
their works.

Imagine a place where your studies never need
be interrupted, not even for sleep or food, the
flesh subjugated to the will.

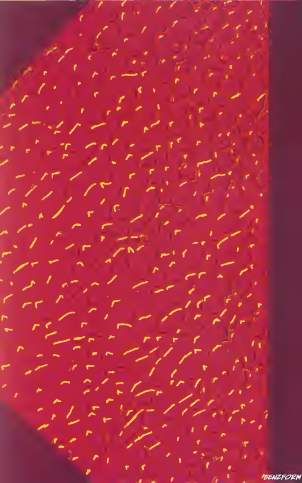
Imagine it, then know there is such a place.


I extend this invitation to you

Dublin Morse

and entreat you to share this wealth of
knowledge and experience. Very few find their
own way here, and even fewer are allowed the
access and freedom you'd be granted. Your
brother, father, and others of your family that
came before you assure your legacy here.

You know the way.





Between crudely hewn bookends carved of human obsession and fiery desire, the Hellraiser mythos expands with the second Book of the Damned. In this new Apocrypha of unmatched horror from the worlds of Clive Barker, explore heretofore untouchable annals of history in mankind's darkest closets.

But beware; the skeletons here hold more than secrets; *these* are the keys to the world's final nightmare, and the ultimate battle for man's destiny.

\$4.95 US \$5.95 CAN £4.50 UK



ISBN #0075-0214-02

HELLRAISER